

## THE CHIEF JUSTICE MEETS HAPPY HOOLIGAN, MONTMORENCY AND GLOOMY GUS.

Copyright, 1905, by W. B. Egan. All Rights Reserved.



## THE ETIQUETTE OF GOLF.



Local Golfing Coach, who is taking the two ladies out for a lesson (sotto voce to caddy master): "Give me caddies for the ladies, George—two that canna laugh."—Black and White.

## What's in a Name?

Here is a new definition of a serious phrase which, though perhaps not strictly scholarly in tone, still doubtless makes a strong appeal. Mr. Maholin Ford was recently obliged to call in an expert electrician to advise him in a building operation. As it proved, the man could tell nothing about the profession he (Mr. Ford) did not already know. His fee, however, was large. It was following this experience that Mr. Ford conceived the following definition:

"An authority on any subject," said he, "is simply one who can bluff beyond your limit."

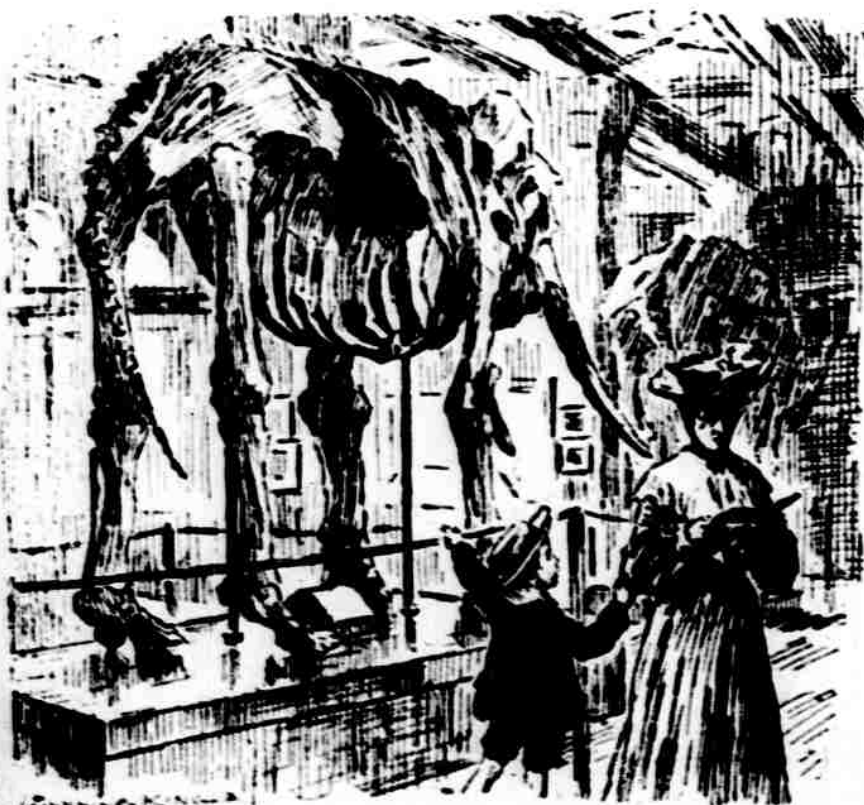
## Mark Twain's Letter.

All admirers of Mark Twain will recall his famous letter to Queen Victoria. According to his own account he once wrote: "I don't know you personally, but I have met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand and I was on a bus."

During a late visit to London Mark Twain was presented to King Edward when his Majesty greeted him cordially with:

"I have met you before. You must remember. It was on the Strand and you were riding on a bus."

## DESHABILLE.



Tommy: "Oh, mamma, do come! Here's a elephant wiv only his inside on."

## THE TURTLE TRICK.



Bad Bill: "Hold up yer hands, ye bloom-in' jays, till I see wot—"

"Yer got in yer pockets. Murder! Wot's—"



"Dis-a trap on me fingers! Help! Lemme go!"

Farmer Hindlight: "Gwan to the calaboose, ye poor chump. I'll learn ye a lesson."

**Room Up Front.**  
In the jammed and bouncing street car I was hanging to a strap.  
Trying hard to keep from sitting in some total stranger's lap:  
Every time we stopped some others scrambled hurriedly aboard.  
While in times that thrilled with earnestness the one-eyed man implored:  
"Oh, there's plenty room up front there if you'll move along and hunt—  
Step a little lively, people, for there's Room Up Front!"

If we'd been that little lesson as we struggle day by day,  
Trotting on and moping onward in a dull, half-hearted way,  
If we'd make a resolution that we'd do our work so well  
That unless the others hustled we'd be certain to excel,  
We would feel a lot less crowded as we do our daily stint—  
If we'd "step a little lively" there'd be "Room Up Front!"

—Baltimore American.

**Time to Sit Down.**  
We sometimes find that while we have been standing up for our rights all the more desirable seats have been occupied—Puck.

**A Little Flat Breakfast.**  
"Come up and spend the night in my apartment," said Mr. "Al" Halbrook to Mr. Frank Daniels one night last fall, when both had been detained in the city late. "We can put you up all night and give you a little flat breakfast in the morning."

"A little flat breakfast?" replied Mr. Daniels. "What's that—a griddle cake?"

**Not a Pretty Sight.**  
"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"—So sang the Scot, and yet I doubt if he knew what he was about. If we'd the power and used it—then Who'd ever want to look again?

**Business on "the Street."**  
The Umbrella Mender: "How's business with you?"  
The Scissors Grinder: "Dull, I'm glad to say. How is it with you?"  
The Umbrella Mender: "Been dry, but recovering slowly."

**The Prize Winner.**  
Of all the boxes I've ever seen On this terrestrial ball, The very finest is, I deem, The Man Who Knows It All.  
And even him I might endure With patience, I suppose, But when he meets me, he is sure To tell me all he knows!"

—Cleveland Leader.

## MAYBE.



"Doctor," sighed the patient, "what in the world causes this jumping tooth-ache?"

"Well," suggested Doctor Hippo, "maybe you've been eating hangeros."

**Kept It Up.**  
"And what did you do when the big fish took the bait?" asked the neighbor who had come over to hear of Mr. Miggara's fishing trip.  
"I reeled in," answered Mr. Miggara.  
"Humph!" commented Mrs. Miggara. "That big fish must have took the bait."

**Crosses of Modern Times.**  
"Is he wealthy enough to own an auto?"  
"Is he? Why, he's wealthy enough to be an amateur photographer."—Houston Post.

## SHE MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.



"I was afraid," says the young man, "that you would expose yourself to comment this afternoon. One of the men we just passed said something about beauty and the beast."

"Then why did you come with me?"—Chicago Tribune.